

The Critic

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A Plea for Literary Pretenders.

NO SOONER does a poem or a story which has appeared anonymously acquire a degree of reputation which makes it worth stealing, than a dozen claimants to authorship spring up, prepared to substantiate their claims by all sorts of collateral evidence, and supported by groups of loyal friends and believers. Each of these claimants knows his claim to be false, and must understand that the writer has it in his power to assert and prove his authorship at any time. Their position seems as unreasonable and absurd as that of the lunatic who calls himself the Emperor of China, and struts around with a paper crown on his head, demanding obedience from his neighbors. But we promptly put the lunatic in confinement, fearing that his harmless hallucination may change into violent mania; while the false claimant of literary honors is allowed full liberty, since he never becomes dangerous, though he often gets to be a nuisance.

A few years ago a series of short stories, which were published anonymously in a popular magazine, attracted a good deal of merited attention. It is well known now who wrote them, but when they were first published all sorts of wild guesses at the author's name were made; and there were almost as many claimants of these stories as guesses at their authorship. One person presented her friends with them, when they were republished in book form, 'with the compliments of the author;' and another, whose audacity compels admiration, actually sent to the editor of the magazine in which the stories appeared manuscripts purporting to be by the same hand. Nothing could appear more unreasonable than the position of this last claimant. She certainly knew two things: first, that she did not write the stories in question; and second, that the editor probably knew who did. The lunatic who claims to be Emperor of China has a stronger position than this; because, although you are quite convinced that he is wrong, you cannot—unless you are better informed on Chinese politics than most of us are—tell him who the Emperor of China really is, and your denial of his claim has in it that element of vagueness.

This case is by no means a solitary one, and the fact that there is such a great number of persons—only editors know how great the number is—who are ready to step forward with preposterous claims to authorship and push them in the faces of those who know their absurdity, suggests an inquiry into the temptation to assert false literary claims, and the state of mind of the victims who yield to it. It will be observed that we have to consider, not only the attempted theft, but the flaunting of the stolen goods in the very faces of people who must recognise the fraud. Such impudence as this is not easily acquired. It must be a thing of growth. Literature offers greater opportunities for self-deception than any of the arts whereby men strive for fame. Certainly there are persons who vainly imagine that they can draw or paint, but they are for the most part young, and after one or two hideous attempts in oils or water-colors they outgrow their illusions. Besides, this is somewhat out of the way of

ordinary life, while the faculty of thought and of expression is common to all, and varies only in degree. So it happens that no small town is without its group of 'literary' people. They are literary in rather a vague way, perhaps; but it is felt that they might write if they would, and that at some time they will probably wear a more definite nimbus than the very shadowy one of popular report. Let us consider the case of Brown, who is one of this class, and inquire what can induce him to claim as his own an exceedingly clever article which Jones is to publish anonymously. Brown's reputation is at first vague. He reads a little, and criticises a great deal. This goes for much with people who do neither, and he soon begins to have his little group of admirers; particularly if his criticisms of current literature are very severe. His first attempt at literary work is in the form of a letter to the local paper on some matter of local interest, probably signed 'Civitas.' Of course this is published; and if Brown is a subscriber, the editor may allude to 'our correspondent "Civitas,"' and of course the Brown group know that Brown wrote that letter. Now Brown can neither fill his own ambition nor satisfy the expectations of his friends by letters to the local paper signed 'Civitas' or 'Constant Reader.' Both he and they know that no literary reputation was ever made by such achievements, unless the letters of Junius be excepted, whose fame the modern reader finds a rather curious problem. Brown's friends expect him to do something. It is even reported that he *is* doing something. Just what it is, nobody knows; but the rumor is encouraged by Brown, who throws out vague hints, and shuts himself up with writing materials, and pretends to be very busy and overworked, and takes solitary walks in a state of ostentatious preoccupation. In the meantime he is hard at work. But his literary cakes won't bake to a rich golden brown, his jelly won't 'jell,' and his manuscripts come back as regularly as if they were curses or chickens.

Of course the fault is in the editors, who are, as every unsuccessful literary aspirant knows, a lot of incompetents, surrounded by a circle of friends and relatives whose manuscripts they print without reading. And of course nothing affords the average editor so much delight as to trample upon an unknown genius. In spite, however, of these universally received facts, it is very unpleasant to confess to a circle of ardent admirers that you can't get your articles printed; and Brown doesn't confess it. He doesn't say anything about it. Hope springs eternal in his manly bosom; and as he sends off his next attempt, he again imagines the congratulatory letter which he is to receive from the editor, and again reads in his mind's eye such comments in the literary columns of the press as 'The brightest and most original sketch that has appeared for a long time in any of our magazines is "Crawford's Wreck," by John Brown, in this month's issue of *The Decade*.' We have scriptural warrant for believing that this sort of hope makes the heart sick. It is wearying to Brown.

And now Jones's article appears. It is an uncommonly bright little thing, combining the humor of Holmes, the polished wit of Lowell, the amiable cleverness of Payn, and the solid reasoning of Spencer. It is quite the thing that Brown would like to write, and that he thinks he ought to write, as a good many of us think that we ought to have written 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table,' and are inclined to be annoyed at Dr. Holmes for having taken the words out of our mouths. Jones's contribution attracts a good deal of attention. It is supposed to be the work of some unknown writer, for it is fair to suppose that an article so excellent would hardly be credited to any writer who is at present well-known. Of course Brown reads it, and as it is anonymous, spares it in his criticism. He has not, however, the remotest idea of claiming it as his own.

One of the charms of the article is that it expresses, wittily and epigrammatically, certain views which are commonly held—certain truths, moreover, which Brown himself has uttered less happily. This, together with the fact that he

has not condemned it, attracts the attention of the little circle who believe in his possibilities; and so it happens that, half in jest, half in earnest, they accuse him of having written it. He doesn't intend to claim it, but the accusation is a pleasant one. He feels that he might have written it. He is not at all displeased with the admirer who credits him with the performance. He doesn't appropriate it. Indeed, he says 'Nonsense!' At this stage there are two people who are pleased with the theory that Brown is the author: one is Brown; the other, the originator of the theory. The latter becomes an advocate. He is pleased with his own penetration. He notices that Brown's denial is by no means a strong one, and in the Brown circle he pushes his theory. His hearers are quite ready to accept it. It is pleasant for them to find that the man whose abilities they have discovered is worthy of their admiration. They enjoy the thought that they are in possession of a literary secret, and they are proud to know intimately a brilliant and rising man. They are satisfied that Brown wrote the article, and they laugh at his evasive replies. A mysterious paragraph in the local paper alludes to 'one of our fellow-townsmen' in connection with a certain paper in *The Decade* which has recently attracted much attention.

As yet Brown hasn't claimed it; he hasn't meant to claim it; if people will say such things, it is not in his power to prevent it; he even shakes his head and says that the idea is absurd—and he enjoys it. Now Brown has his Mordecai who sits in the King's gate and bows not nor does him reverence. He sneers at Brown's pretensions, and laughs at the respect of his admirers. It happens once, when the two are together, that the Brown theory concerning the authorship of the article is broached. Again Brown shakes his head, and again his circle protests that denial is vain. And then Mordecai says that he believes him—that he knows he didn't write the article. Brown asks with considerable sharpness if he knows who did write it. No, he doesn't; but he knows that Brown didn't. Now this is very offensive. Of course he can't know any such thing, and Brown tells him so—and takes a long step. This is nearer to claiming it than he has ever come, nearer than he ever thought of coming. The discussion grows more personal and unpleasant. Something is due, Brown feels, to the friends who believe in him. He begins to defend the theory of his own authorship, which he feels is attacked on quite insufficient grounds. Mordecai's premises for his denial are based on Brown's supposed inability to write such an article. His premises are wrong. At last Brown silences him by a distinct avowal that he *did* write the article. His friends are triumphant; and in his joy at confounding an egregious ass, Brown hardly realizes the enormity of his offence.

Having taken this position, there is no possibility of returning to a state of innocence; the claim once made must be supported; there can be no more shakings of the head, no more vague denials. He may—nay, he must—send abroad marked copies of *The Decade*; and he will almost believe in his own case. Even when it is printed in a volume of charming essays that bears Jones's name on the title-page, he will mumble something about having lost the manuscript, and will find a few who believe him to be an unfortunate and aggrieved individual, though the world at large will be puzzled to know how he can make so preposterous a claim.

WALTER LEARNED.

Reviews

Two Books on Mexico.*

WE SHOULD have deemed ourselves particularly happy if in our summer in Mexico we had had so compact, complete, and well-furnished a book of reference as Mr. Janvier's 'Mexican Guide' of which a new edition has appeared.

* 1. *The Mexican Guide*. By Thomas A. Janvier. With two maps. New edition. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 2. *Two thousand miles through the heart of Mexico*. By Rev. Dr. J. H. McCarty. \$1.25. New York: Phillips & Hunt.

This book and Mr. Rolfe's 'Satchel Guide to Europe' are models in their kind—condensed, comprehensive, 'live,' practical; just small enough to go nicely into a capacious pocket, just big enough to be highly satisfactory, on-the-spot ready-reference books. To sharp eyes Mr. Janvier adds acute perceptions; with a love for the salient and the characteristic he combines a style neat, accurate and graphic. He has thoroughly ransacked Mexico Old and New, and he lays his *spolia optima* before us in this useful volume as much as to say: 'Here it is; now take it; may good luck go with you!' And that good luck has gone with the venture we infer from the promptness with which this edition of 1887, two-thirds of which is made up of new matter, has followed that of 1886. In the Preface the author masses his authorities (chiefly native) abundantly, and shows that he has made an exhaustive study of Mexican history, geography, architecture, institutions, and scenery. Mr. A. F. Bandelier is his guide in archæology; and the Archbishop of Mexico and numerous literary and ecclesiastical dignitaries have lent open-handed help to his undertaking. The book is divided into three parts. Part I. contains a general introduction wherein such topics as geography and industrial statistics, constitution and government, religion and missions, education, language and literature, and general history and the war with the United States are briefly but pointedly discussed. This section concludes with an admirable chapter of Practical Information, containing all sorts of hints as to routes, seasons to visit Mexico, things to see in limited time, hotels to patronize, permits, etc., indispensable for the traveller to know. Part II. is naturally the *pièce de résistance* and is taken up with the Mexican Capital and its numerous sights. Eleven chapters of this section are devoted to the streets, churches, climate, federal buildings, public libraries and museums, schools, colleges and conservatories, charitable institutions, theatres and bull-fights, squares, gardens and aqueducts, legations, hotels, and practical matters of every sort. Two chapters more, devoted to the delightful environs of Mexico and to short excursions to the pyramids, 'floating gardens,' and neighboring shrines, close this section, and show one the infinite riches in a narrow space to be found in and about the most beautiful city in the world. Part III. is composed of twenty-five chapters devoted to Provincial Mexico and its numerous large and small towns, watering-places, railways, minor lines of travel by diligence and steam, scenery, mining and opportunities. Two maps, one of the City of Mexico and a second of its environs, accompany the work, which is bound in a folding case of soft green leather, very pleasant to the eye and hand. The sketch of Mexican literature which it contains, though short and necessarily imperfect, is of such merit that it has been translated since it made its first appearance, in *THE CRITIC*, by many Mexican newspapers. The publication is to be an annual one, and we congratulate both author and publisher on the thoroughness with which their work has been done. The tourists now pouring into Mexico will find it to their advantage to slip 'The Mexican Guide' into their portmanteaus, however limited the space may be.

Of Dr. McCarty's book (2) all we can say is that we have listened to it read aloud with pleasure and entertainment, not to say with profit. The rambles of an excellent and even-tempered ecclesiastic over the jolting roads of interior Mexico might have been far less agreeable than his. As it is, the doctor rides his hobby of the Roman Catholic Church a little too far and a little too frequently; but apart from this and his detestation of *tortillas*, he is a happy travelling companion. He has his eyes open; he speaks atrocious Spanish and makes unutterable blunders, to be sure; but for all this he contrives to make an impression, and gives us several chapters not devoid of interest. A book of the sort he attempts must be written with very great wit indeed not to pall occasionally on the reader—a book made up of quick impressions jotted down at the end of a day of tiresome

sight-seeing, and dispatched the next morning early to the guidwife.

"Actors and Actresses." *

THIS admirable collection of biographies, edited by Messrs. Matthews and Hutton, has reached its fifth and last volume. It is the player's as well as the playgoer's *vademecum*—a library in itself, invaluable for reference, full of anecdote, brief and graphic in its characterizations, complete in its cameo-like presentation of varied subjects. Though the essays of which these last—like the first—volumes are made up are by different hands and evince varying literary aptitudes, one cannot but be struck with their general merit, their fullness within narrow limits, and the different impression which each slide of the biographic panorama leaves on the mind. An American turns naturally to the American actors and actresses first, and finds that Vol. IV. contains ample recognition of Occidental histrionic genius. Lawrence Barrett—who possesses admirable literary skill—writes sympathetically and impressively of Edwin Forrest; Henry Edwards undertakes E. L. Davenport; Clara Erskine Clement gives a vivid glimpse of Charlotte Cushman; and Laurence Hutton revives for us again the delightful figure of Anna Cora Mowatt. Besides these peculiarly American products, William Charles Macready glows again under the touch of Barrett; Helen Faucit undergoes charming 'renaissance' from the pen of Robert W. Cowe; Fechter has fallen into the skilled hands of Kate Field; C. C. Buel brings before us the lovely but unfortunate Adelaide Neilson; and Wm. J. Florence breathes again upon the only half quenched coals of the inimitable E. A. Sothorn. Samuel Phelps, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, Frederick Robson, Matilda Heron, and John McCullough complete this book of vivid memorials—the more memorable because set up by such critics and writers as William Archer, Laurence Hutton, Hamilton Bell and William Winter. From this volume Brander Matthews is conspicuously absent. On summing up the impressions left by it, one marvels at the abundance of Irish blood coursing in the fiery veins of these children of Thalia, and falls to thinking that Celtic blood must be a little redder, a little fierier than any other.

Vol. V. gives a very complete picture of the living stage, though naturally many of its verdicts await finality. Sixteen portraits fill up its crowded pages, which are devoted principally to Americans. No less than ten of our countrymen and countrywomen figure prominently in this volume, beginning with Mary Anderson (by Wm. L. Keese) and ending with Lester Wallack (by William Winter). Intervening there are intelligent and agreeable sketches of Barrett (by Wm. M. Laffan), Edwin Booth (by Barrett), J. S. Clarke (by Bell), Mr. and Mrs. Florence (by Hutton), Joe Jefferson (by H. C. Bunner), Modjeska—an adopted American (by Miss Gilder)—Clara Morris (by C. Stuart), and J. T. Raymond (by G. H. Jessop). The different sections of the country are abundantly represented by representative men and women—the East by Charlotte Cushman and E. L. Davenport; the Middle States (New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey) by Lawrence Barrett, Edwin Forrest, Wm. J. Florence, Joe Jefferson and Lester Wallack; Canada by Clara Morris; the West by Modjeska (a Californian by adoption), and the South by Edwin Booth, Mary Anderson, Anna Cora Mowatt and J. S. Clarke. Davenport's Christian name is put down in the contents as 'Edwin' and in the memoir as 'Edward.' An excellent Index accompanies each volume, and the volumes are independent of one another. Since this is the case, and since a purchaser might prefer to buy only one or two volumes of the series, we would suggest that the Introduction (found only in Vol. I.) be prefixed to each volume of the set. The publication of such annals of the stage by so many competent hands is an undertaking—and one may now say a *fait accompli*—worthy of all praise.

Actors and Actresses of Great Britain and the United States. Edited by Brander Matthews and Laurence Hutton. Vol. IV. Macready, Forrest and their Contemporaries. Vol. V. The Present Time. \$1.50 per vol. New York: Cassell & Co.

A Treasury of Basque Legends.*

IN EVERY respect, this comely volume is a notable addition to the shelf devoted to folk-lore. Fifteen chapters, including Introduction, stories, ballads, and songs in prose, occupy nearly three hundred wide-margined pages. The lore gathered at first hand—rather first mouth—from the people introduces us into a new world of weird imagination. It is a world of Asiatic root-ideas that has sprouted amid the environment of the mountains, precipices, waterfalls, clouds and mists of the Pyrenees. Primitive paganism and engrafted Christianity have grown like twisted vines around this unique stock of human nature, and the literary blossoms here plucked for us have a distinct perfume uninhaled by the rambler in the gardens of earth's folk-lore. Fortunately too, artist and writer have joined their labors, and the pictures in photogravure nobly interpret the text. The author, Mariana Monteiro, in addressing an English audience gives us to understand that her work has been done within the shadows of a fast-coming oblivion. For the rising generation of the Basque people can no longer satisfy their spirits with the hallowed traditions of their fathers. What was once religion is now rapidly becoming mythology. Soon the fanes will be cold, and the mountain peaks and mists be depopulated of their inhabitants, the horn of Roldan be silent, the Virgin of the Five Towns vanish forever, and the awe of fireside listeners change to skeptical laughter. As for ourselves, despite the poetry and charm of Basque fairy-lore, we do not grieve to learn that the toothless, claw-fingered, empty-eyesocketed night-riders of gigantic owls and bat-winged mammoth skeletons no longer frighten babies and grown-up children. We are delighted to learn that the book which charmed us in the reading is a funeral elegy. It is curious to discover, in the fascinating story of Aquelarre, that the old Azazel or scapegoat of the wilderness Hebrews reappears here as the evil one. Equally interesting is it to find these mountaineers in a nook of south-western Europe solving the old problem of evil by the dualism of deified human personalities. The 'Lady of Amboto' and the 'Lady of Morumendi' in their abode and apparition of black cloud or white mist, the symbols of wickedness, pride, rebellion and temptation on the one hand, and of hope, peace, innocence and blessing, on the other. Nor is this the only trace of Persian ideas and mythology. With the valuable glossary and the introductory essay, this enjoyable storehouse of lore becomes open and inviting. Mr. Harold Copping has, in his four sketches reproduced by photogravure, succeeded in giving us some of the best effects in pure black and white that we have seen for a long time.

A Persian Iliad.†

PERSIA, to be sure, is not the beautiful land—
il bel paese ove il si suona;

but it may justly be called the Italy of the East. The fertility and exuberance of its literature are equalled only by the beauty and multiplicity of its architectural forms. Hafiz and Saadi are household words to the lovers of Oriental anacreontics and philosophical poetry; and Sir William Jones has opened the 'everlasting gates' of the East and let many another 'King of Glory come in.' Recently, moreover, flights of exquisite quatrains have burst in upon us, bee-like, from the rose-gardens of Iran, and set us marvelling anew over the opulence and music, the variety and wealth of that soulful point of the compass. Miss Helen Zimmerman lifted the curtain, too, and showed us vivid and brilliant things behind the secreted civilization of ancient Tur. Yet we confess that we had no conception of the Brazilian fertility of the land till we had read Atkinson's

* Legends and Popular Tales of the Basque People. By Mariana Monteiro. \$2.75. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

†The Shāh Námeh of the Persian Poet Firdausi. Translated and Abridged in Prose and Verse by James Atkinson. Edited by J. A. Atkinson. \$1. (The Chandos Classics.) New York: Frederick Warne & Co.

admirable abridgment in prose and verse of the 'Sháh Náme'h,' or Persian Book of Kings, by Firdausi, the Homer of Persia. Firdausi was one of those oceanic geniuses that Victor Hugo calls *hommes océans*—'men oceans,' big as a planet, within whose vast intelligence is embraced a universe of marvels, of creative power, of rich and mysterious activities, of congregated and surpassing intellectual and poetic instincts. Shakspeare was such an 'ocean,' and so was Dante, and so was Homer. Now Persia comes forward and joins a sister soul to this 'quire' of seraphim—a soul as vast, as illuminated, one may say as incandescent, as an August night burning with stars. Atkinson's 'abridgment' of his mighty work extends to over 400 pages—an abridgment made in 1832 by one of the most eminent Orientalists of England and honored by the Royal Gold Medal. This wonderful poem is a history in rhyme, comprising the annals and achievements of the ancient Kings of Persia down to the invasion and conquest of that empire by the Saracens in 636—an estimated period of 3,600 years. It was finished early in the Eleventh Century, gathered from tales and legends traditionally known throughout Persia for ages, and abounds in wild and romantic adventures, beautiful heroines and prodigious heroes, wrought into the woof of a verse exquisitely harmonious and flowing. It is the finest poem, the sweetest and most sublime epic, of which Mohammedan nations can boast. The perusal of such a book, even through the medium of a translation, is a constant succession of surprises. It is 'The Arabian Nights,' the 'Iliad' and 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' all in one; a demon-poem mingled with lightning-flashes of history, great battles, fairy-tales, enchanting metrical episodes, and dramatic plots. Only such a 'man ocean' as Victor Hugo speaks of could have combined in one marvellous synthesis all this cornucopia of legend, all this infinity of tale and plot and dynasty, and made of it a coherent whole. Epic Persia is even more fertile than epic Russia, and when we consider that the 'Sháh Náme'h' is the work of one man, and yet a work far vaster than the Nibelungen Lied or Roland, the Eddas or El Cid, upon which generations wrought, one cannot withhold astonishment that such a poet is so little known in the West, and that such a poem has been so neglected and ignored.

The Schopenhauer Appendix.*

THREE years ago we noticed in these columns the first volume of the English translation of Schopenhauer's 'World as Will and Idea.' That volume contained his philosophy as he at first presented it to the world, complete in itself. When it was put forth he probably had no intention of following it with other volumes; but in the course of several years he found occasion to supplement it with two volumes as large as itself. These two volumes contain separate essays expounding more fully subjects briefly developed in the main work, and others which seem to have no relation to the system itself which Schopenhauer devised. Many of them are literary rather than philosophical, and they contain much the most suggestive part of his writings. A great variety of subjects is discussed, those in the second volume being the more strictly philosophical. In this volume the leading subjects, each treated in several chapters, are the doctrine of the idea of perception and the doctrine of the abstract idea, or thinking. In the third volume he deals with æsthetics and with various ethical questions; and all the essays on these subjects are of a high literary value. Among the essays which are the most suggestive and delightful are those on genius, madness, natural beauty, the inner nature of art, the æsthetics of poetry, history, the metaphysics of music, death and its relation to the indestructibility of our true nature, the life of the species, heredity, the metaphysics of the love of the sexes, the

assertion of the will to live, the vanity and suffering of life and the way to salvation. These essays are novel, brilliant and original. At least half a dozen of them cannot be surpassed as literary essays of the most striking and forcible kind, so unique, eloquent and boldly energetic are they. The essay on poetry affords one of the finest and most original expositions of that subject. That on the relations of the sexes is as repulsive and false as it is brilliant and remarkable. And all these essays have a direct bearing on Schopenhauer's philosophy; they bring out its meaning more clearly, and they show in what way he applied it to all manner of subjects not directly related with philosophy. These volumes have been done with the same fidelity as the first, and we are glad to welcome the whole work in English. We are also pleased to announce that an American edition has been brought out by Ticknor & Co.

Ely's Study of the Labor Movement.*

THE basis of the present work is the Johns Hopkins contribution to the history of American socialism, published a year or two since. This has been expanded, and other papers have been added to it to make the present valuable work. Prof. Ely is a serious and earnest student of political economy, who carefully investigates present phenomena in the social world, and arrives at conclusions of his own. He has no cut-and-dried theories to advocate; but he keeps his eyes open, and he is ready for new facts and theories. His book is largely one of facts, and of facts which no one else has so carefully studied or even thought of much importance. He has entered a fresh field, but not with the mere enthusiasm of the tyro and the political theorist. He belongs to the new school of American political economists, to that class of younger men who realize the new life and the new problems which have come to this country since the close of the Civil War. They do not belong to the class who think that in America we are isolated from Old World difficulties and experiences; and they do not belong to the class who think that the Old World solutions are quite sufficient for us. They study political economy in a cosmopolitan spirit, but they also look for the working-out of its higher solutions in the American life of to-day. In this book the facts are American, but the solution is world-wide. Its sympathies are not those of a class or of a party, but they are human and philanthropic. The author sees and commends what is good in co-operation, communism and socialism; and he turns his face hopefully towards the workingmen in their aspirations after a better and a sounder social life. His book is rightly favorable to all the efforts of the laborer, when he uses just and reasonable methods for his own advancement. If widely read, as it deserves to be, it will teach both the working-man and the manufacturer better aims and better methods; and it will teach them to see what is of profound importance—that their real interests are identical.

Some Recent Musical Publications.†

SIX years ago Mr. George P. Upton, who has long been one of the strong editorial props of the Chicago *Tribune*, and was once that journal's respected musical critic, published the first edition of 'Woman in Music' (1). A fire destroyed the plates and occasioned a second edition which now appears, revised and enlarged by the author. What is most vital in the book is contained in its first twenty pages, which are devoted to a general view of woman's influence on music, and a discussion of the reasons 'why she has produced no enduring musical work.' This is the most interesting phase of the problem which Mr. Upton formulates in his title, and his views upon it are a hundred-fold more interesting than his repetition of the love-stories of the great composers. He puts forth his theory very modestly, and is careful not to claim too

* The Labor Movement in America. By Richard T. Ely. \$1.50. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

* The World as Will and Idea. By Arthur Schopenhauer. Translated from the German by R. B. Haldane and J. Kemp. Vols. II., III. (The English and Foreign Philosophical Library). London: Trübner & Co.

† 1. Woman in Music. By George P. Upton. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 2. The Story of Music and Musicians, for Young Readers. By Lucy C. Lillie. New York: Harper & Brothers. 3. The Light of Asia. By Dudley Buck. London and New York: Novello, Ewer & Co. 4. New Second Music Reader. By Luther Whiting Mason. Boston: Ginn & Co.

much for it. Briefly stated it is this: Woman does not create music, which is the highest expression of the emotions, because she is emotional by temperament and nature; she can not project herself outwardly because she is dominated by her emotions. She absorbs music; she does not create it. 'To confine her emotions within musical limits would be as difficult as to give expression to her religious faith in notes.' This is Mr. Upton's chief proposition, and he supplements it with woman's inability 'to endure the discouragements of the composer and to battle with the prejudice and indifference and sometimes with the malicious opposition of the world, that obstruct his progress.' The defect in woman's character thus set forth is plainly assumed. The female novelist or essayist and poet has been as good a fighter against prejudice, indifference and malice as her brother. We do not think that Mr. Upton has solved the problem by his graceful essay, nor has he made out a strong case for woman's partnership in musical composition by repeating the love-stories previously referred to. Of course the emotions have more to do with works of the imagination than with masonry; but the old law that 'it is not good for man to be alone' is as true of the musician as it is of the stonemason, and in one view of the case the instances in which the love of a composer for wife or mistress suggested and determined a beautiful composition are about as numerous as those in which the love of a stonemason inspired a retaining wall. An artist creates because the impulse is in him to create. A strong passion may quicken the impulse, but it is just as incorrect to attribute the works of musical composers to their loves as it would be the works of writers, sculptors and painters. Mr. Upton's scheme makes him accept as true many romances that have been disproved—as some of the love-affairs of Beethoven, for instance. The mention of this almost ineffable name brings to mind the fact that he is a good witness on this point. We have it in his own handwriting that he refused to yield to his love for the Countess Guicciardi because he wished to devote himself to that which was 'more noble, and better.'

Books like Mrs. Lillie's 'Story of Music and Musicians, for Young Readers' (2) put a severe strain on the patience and temper of reviewers. Here is a writer who attempts the most delicate of tasks without a single qualification, unless it be the ability to put words into sentences. An old Egyptian inscription says that 'Knowledge is medicine for the soul.' Accepting the definition, it follows that it is even more necessary that writings for the young should be lucid and correct than disquisitions designed for mature minds. The writer who would talk of the history of music to children should be a thoroughly grounded musical historian. If he proceeds in the style of a literary hack, as Mrs. Lillie apparently has done, cramming for a chapter and then writing it, the result will be as woful as this book, which is peppered with mistaken and cloudy statements. Even the terminology of music is to a considerable extent unknown ground to Mrs. Lillie.

The cause of American music, which is rapidly coming into the foreground, has received a notable impetus in the publication in London of Mr. Dudley Buck's last large composition. In 'The Light of Asia' (3) Mr. Buck has, as will at once be surmised, an admirable book. He has himself made the selections from Mr. Edwin Arnold's poem, and Mr. Arnold has approved his choice by sanctioning the publication. In return, Mr. Buck has dedicated the music of the cantata to the poet. We are told that this is the first musical composition of magnitude which an American has sold to an English publisher. The work is worthy of the distinction. It is gracefully and poetically conceived throughout, and some of its numbers are surpassingly beautiful. Our only apprehension is that the persistence with which Oriental intervals, rhythm and feeling are maintained may result, in performance, in the production of monotony.—MESSRS. GINN & Co. have issued the second book in their National Music Course. The 'New Second Music Reader' (4) is devoted to first lessons in sight-reading, is based largely upon the work of C. H. Hohmann, and has Luther Whiting Mason for author.

Recent Fiction.

IT WOULD be hard to say whether Col. Higginson's main object in writing 'The Monarch of Dreams' (Lee & Shepard) was a literary or a philosophical one. The motive would seem to be purely moral, but the execution is artistic to a degree. Nothing could be better in its way than the description of the scene in which the action of the story passes—if the word action may be employed in speaking of so subjective a sketch as this. The desolate old New England farmhouse to which Francis Ayrault retires from his own homestead in a Rhode Island seaside town, rises before the reader with a vividness which even a latter-day realist might envy. The character-drawing is less forcible; but the dreamer and his little sister and the farmer and his wife are outlined with

sufficient distinctness to answer the author's purpose and the reader's need. The effect upon a man's character of persistently dwelling in the realm of dreams instead of in the workaday world that surrounds him, is set forth with a power akin to Hawthorne's though with a charm less potent. The story of the 'monarch of dreams' who at last becomes the slave of his deliberately acquired dreaming habit is Hawthornesque in conception; but it is worked out not wholly in Hawthorne's manner. The author of the 'Twice-Told Tales' would never, for instance, call attention to provincialisms of speech, no matter how amusing in themselves. But we have referred to the great romancer with the intention of complimenting, not of disparaging, the work of the later writer, which has charms of its own that enable it to bear the comparison with credit. There are delightful touches of humor in the story, and a refinement in the style which Col. Higginson's readers recognize as an essential element in his work. The moral of 'The Monarch of Dreams' is that of 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde'—namely, that by persistence in immoral—or merely non-moral—acts, we imperceptibly lose that moral power which transcends in value every other quality and possession.

'BY WOMAN'S WIT' (Holt's Leisure Hour Series) is a good exhibition of Mrs. Alexander's own 'woman's wit' rather than that of Mrs. Ruthven, the heroine. For Mrs. Ruthven's 'woman's wit' is after all not very remarkable. Chloroformed at a ball and robbed of some very valuable diamonds and rubies, it is true that the detectives would have accomplished nothing without a clew that she gave them; but when we discover that this clew was a diamond stud found in the lace of her dress which she was able to associate at once with a certain well-known shirt-bosom among her personal friends, her cleverness does not seem surprising. Neither is the reader very much surprised at any of the detective dodges scattered about. One sees at once that the robber is a man in high life, though there is a slight doubt as to which of two men in the story; and one understands at first sight that Mr. Colville, the engineer, is a device copied from M. Lecoq. But in spite of this, interest in the story is kept up by the author's 'woman's wit'; and although the ending is repulsive and almost incredible, the reader will pronounce it, on the whole, 'a good story.'

'A CHILD OF THE REVOLUTION,' by the author of 'Mademoiselle Mori' (Harper's Handy Series), is a particularly well-told story. The 'child' is a little patrician, born in prison during the persecution of the aristocracy, but adopted by a 'citizenness' who has dreaded to tell her absent husband of the death of their own little daughter, and who thus passes off the little aristocrat upon him as his own. Here is infinite field for literary labor; and no one can claim that the situation, for the times, is not realistic. There is very subtle skill in the unfolding of the plot: the pride of the father in all those little airs and graces of the child which he ought, according to his tenets, to despise; the adoration of the child for the adoring father; the constant gnawing remorse of the adopted mother; the girl's final discovery of the secret; her love for a young nobleman whose family she knows would recognize their marriage at once if they knew the truth about her birth, and her resolve never to disclose it rather than deal such a death-blow to the supposed father who has been so good to her; and the final betrayal of the secret by some one else—all this is told with great delicacy and felicity of insight.

'AGATHA AND THE SHADOW,' the second of the Colonial novels issued by Roberts Brothers, is as remarkable as was the first in the reproduction of 'atmosphere.' Agatha is the daughter of Elder Brewster, in the old Puritan settlement, and the 'shadow' is her discovery, after her marriage with a man highly honored in the community, that her husband after all is a man with a past, the shadow of which soon crosses their path in the form of a fanatical Jewess. How a woman should meet such a situation, or how any given woman does meet it, is legitimate ground for either realist or idealist. Agatha meets it with singular firmness, with strength of mind as well as bravery of heart, and the story is well worth reading. The quaint and calm conversations of Agatha and her husband have a singular intellectual charm, and the local color of a time when every man's private reputation was at the mercy of the community to such an extent that Bernard Anselm and his wife are driven from one place to another by the effect of public scorn, is admirably given.

'THE SQUIRE OF SANDAL-SIDE' (Dodd, Mead & Co.) is another of Amelia E. Barr's admirable stories, full at the same time of local color and of the human nature that is much the same everywhere, independent of time and locality. It is an ingenious study of cool, cal-

culating self-interest, outwitting everything else for awhile, yet in the end outwitted by Providence. That the sudden discovery of the poor young farmer of the story as the genuine squire, instead of the heartless pretender, is made no mere sudden discovery, but a secret purposely and carefully kept to shield the feelings of another till the right time comes, is another proof of the artistic skill always shown by Mrs. Barr.—'GEOFFREY STIRLING,' by Mrs. Leith Adams (Lippincott), is a grewsome story in which a really terrible tale is enhanced in effect by every device of morbid rhetoric. As the history of a bank robbery in which a prominent and long-unsuspected citizen is the robber, it is a not uninteresting novel; but the strained effort at effect in telling it is very far from being really artistic.—'A MODERN TELEMACHUS,' by Charlotte M. Yonge, which we have already commended as a good historical tale based on incidents in the life of a prominent Frenchman in the last century, appears now in Harper's Handy Series.

Art in New England.

C. P. C.'s 'Art in Boston and Cambridge' (THE CRITIC, Feb. 5) explains what I never before understood—the absence of *heart* in the New England literature. There is no lack of eloquence, dignity, refinement, humor and penetration; but, beyond a certain cosiness, nothing is found of the one missing quality. We sometimes feel warmth, but we never see the fire. Even Mr. Longfellow, the most genial of them all, never opens his heart to you. He speaks of your feelings or those of other people, but not of his own. You are a guest, not a member of his household. He is courteous and hospitable, but never unreserved. No one, for instance, could guess his creed (as Hood says 'the privatest of men's affairs') from reading his works. Hence even Shelley, when he shocks us most, is nearer to his readers than Longfellow is, when he gives them most pleasure. The one undisguisedly shows you himself; the other never does.

And as with Mr. Longfellow, so with the others. Who would dare drop in to breakfast with the Autocrat without an invitation? He would as soon be caught without his coat as without his wit-cracker; and to call on Mr. Lowell, except in full dress, were unpardonable impudence. All this is, I think, but the natural outcome of the state of things set forth in C. P. C.'s article. No wonder that pure intellect finds less delight in Keats than in Browning; for Browning is proof against 'Concord alembics,' while Keats, poor fellow, cries out at the thought of them;

Do not all charms fly
At the mere touch of cold philosophy?
Philosophy will clip an angel's wings;
Conquer all mysteries by rule and line;
Unweave a rainbow.

If the New England artists, as C. P. C. says, apply to Art for 'enlargement of intellect,' they will have their reward; but never till they feel a real love for Art, will she give them the key to that 'door of sympathy' by which alone heart can find entrance to heart.

ELLCOTT CITY, MD., 19 Feb. 1887.

J. B. T.

Christians and Saracens.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

You are very kind to mention my 'Story of the Saracens' in the terms you use in your notice published Saturday. It is very pleasant, I assure you, for an author thus to receive recognition for work which has aroused his enthusiasm. It is a principle with me never to criticise a critic—I hold that he has as perfect a right to his opinions regarding me as I have to mine regarding him; but at the risk of principle, I will say that I do not like the word 'jesuitry' as used in connection with the work of Mr. Lane-Poole or of myself. I shall not attempt the task of ravelling the intricacies of the joint authorship of the 'Moors in Spain' further than to say that you are too kind to me and hardly just to my principal. In both the volumes you mention it was my intention, at least, to put myself to a certain extent in the

position of a Saracen or a Moor. This I did, for example, in chapters XV. and XXIII. of 'The Story of the Saracens.' Now suppose we imagine a Moor looking over history, and turning to the conquests of Jerusalem. He sees that in 637 Omar entered the city, and that not a drop of blood was shed except on the field of battle. He finds that in 1099 it falls again—this time into the hands of the Christian crusaders—and that (according to Christian authorities) seventy thousand men, women and children are indiscriminately butchered, ten thousand of them in the very mosque of Omar. In 1187 he sees the Saracens again conquerors. Then Saladin takes Omar instead of Godfrey de Bouillon as his model, and not a drop flows from the veins of a single captive. Our Moor turns to the victorious career of the Saracens in Africa, and finds no record that a city was ever burned for revenge or even as a measure of precaution; but he sees the men of Christian England, in the year of grace 1874, needlessly burning an African capital on the Gold Coast. He looks into the stories of the Inquisition in Spain, under Torquemada, agent of the gracious Isabella, after the expulsion of the Moors, and asks himself if the tens of thousands then burned and tortured could have been sacrificed for religious faith by a people professing to follow the teachings of One who was meek and lowly, and who taught that his religion was to be furthered by moral means only. In contrasting these events, could he fail to reflect that the better actions emanated from a people from whom the worse might have been expected, for their founder said, 'Fight! in the cause of Allah!' He can hardly believe his senses when he reads that a papal legate ever silenced the scruples of a conscientious general in the Albigenian war, by saying, 'Kill all! God will know his own!' Is it 'jesuitry' to show some sympathy with the Moor or with the Christian Inquisitor?

CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 21, 1887.

ARTHUR GILMAN.

A Brooklyn Philanthropy.

MR. CHARLES PRATT, an old and wealthy resident of Brooklyn, is erecting in that city a six-story brick and terracotta building, which has been pretty generally dubbed 'Pratt's mystery.' According to the building permit issued last spring, it is intended 'for factory purposes.' A bill for the incorporation of the 'Pratt Institute, of Brooklyn,' introduced in the Legislature by Senator Worth, throws a flood of light on the sort of goods to be manufactured in this 'factory'; and a reporter of the *Commercial Advertiser*, who has interviewed Mr. Pratt on the subject, supplements that flood with an illumination truly Astral. We quote from his report:

All the schools of technical training in this country and many in Europe have been carefully examined and studied. Mr. Pratt thinks he has united all their best features in the plans for the Pratt Institute. It will be probably the biggest and most extensive industrial school in the world when it is finished. The grounds and buildings will represent an investment of \$250,000. They will be deeded by Mr. Pratt to the Institute. The principal building has a frontage of 100 feet on Ryerson Street and a depth of 50 feet with an 'L' 87 by 50 feet on the Willoughby Avenue side. It will be used for class and demonstration rooms, the cooking-school and the library. In the rear of this and fronting on Grand Avenue, will be another building 144 by 95 feet. This will contain the shops for the school. Engines, boilers, tools and machinery of all kinds will be placed in it. Practical instruction in all important branches of manufacture will be given by experienced persons. The cellars for this building are now being dug. It will be ready for occupation in two months. The machinery with which it will be fitted is already under contract. This machinery will be the best that can be bought. Ever since Mr. Pratt conceived the idea of the Institute he has been collecting a library for its use. He has now about 9,000 volumes. Many of them are rare technical books purchased abroad. Many curious and valuable works of art have been selected. Models and drawings for the art classes will be added. Mr. Pratt has added to the free gift of the buildings an endowment of the Institute in \$250,000.

The date of opening the school has not yet been fixed, but will

be probably at about the same time [April 1]. There will be accommodations for about 1,000 pupils. The regulations will not impose any restrictions on the entering of students except that they shall have had some previous education in common branches in the public or other schools. Mr. Pratt hopes to extend the influence of the school all over the country. The institution will not be exactly free, but the tuition charges will be merely nominal. The income from the endowment and from other sources will support the institution. The receipts from the students will only be expected to defray the contingent expenses. Several of the instructors have been engaged. They are all experienced in technical education. The faculty will be increased as the demands of the institution are enlarged. Mr. Pratt has reserved several plots of ground adjoining those occupied by the buildings of the school. If the success of the undertaking warrants it he will erect additional buildings.

Particular attention will be paid to the course for young women. They will not only be thoroughly instructed in sewing, cooking, and the art of home adornment, but there will be courses for them in stenography, telegraphy, type-writing, bookkeeping and every other branch of industry which women may properly enter. The government of the institution is vested in three trustees, who have the power to increase their number to fifteen if they see fit. The first trustees are Mr. Pratt, his son, Charles M. Pratt, and Charles Vose. It is the intention to hereafter interest other citizens in the work of the institute. Mr. Pratt has previously attested his interest in education in many ways. Recently he gave \$160,000 to the Adelphi Academy of Brooklyn to enable it to erect a collegiate building. The Pratt Institute will increase his benefices for educational work to nearly \$700,000.

The Lounger

I AM TOLD that Mr. Julian Hawthorne has resigned from the Authors' Club. He has not visited its rooms since the unfortunate Lowell interview controversy, but my informant tells me that he never received the slightest hint on the part of any member of the Club that his resignation would be acceptable. Some communications were printed in *The Evening Post* suggesting that he be asked to resign, but they did not issue, so far as is known, from any of its members. Mr. Hawthorne is personally popular among his brother authors.

THE STUDENTS of Rutgers College are 'in a state of mind.' Every spring, for as many years as can be remembered, it has been their custom to give a negro minstrel performance for the benefit of the College Athletic Association. The young men have donned wigs of wool, blacked their faces and reddened their lips, and sung their songs and cracked their jokes in a public hall to the intense delight of their audiences. Their jokes have more or less of a local application, and are looked forward to with eager anticipation and received with shouts of approval. Nor have these young performers been behind in the art of rattling the bones or twanging the banjo. But all this must come to an end: President Gates has decided that it is an undignified thing for college students to black their faces and sing in public, and has put his veto upon the performance. There are dark faces to be seen upon the campus at Rutgers, but it is not charcoal, but the absence of it, that has made them so.

I COPY THE following suggestive literary notes from one of last Saturday's papers: 'H. Rider Haggard, the author of "She," is in Cairo collecting color for his next romance.' 'Mr. W. D. Howells, the novelist, has been in Lowell for three days this week, inspecting local manufacturing establishments, to obtain material for a new novel.' What a world of difference lies between the choice of scene and subject of the representative American and the popular English fictionist! One sets himself to describe a plain New England factory girl; the other a beautiful African Sorceress, several thousand years of age. And each interests tens of thousands of readers in the fate of his heroine.

IN THIS connection it is interesting to read the concluding sentence of Mr. Haggard's paper on Fiction in the current *Contemporary Review*, which contains a slighting allusion to his more artistic but less inventive transatlantic rival. 'When,' he exclaims, with a lively recollection of the large sale of 'King's Solomon's Mines' and 'She,' 'when Naturalism has had its day, when Mr. Howells ceases to charm, and the Society novel is utterly played out, the kindly race of men in their latter as in their earlier developments will still take pleasure in those works of fancy which appeal, not to a class, or a nation, or even to an age, but to all time and humanity at large.'

AT A FRIEND'S house last summer I was shown a photograph of a young lady, which impressed me not so much by its beauty as by its character. The expression of the countenance denoted a strong will and a serene if not a volatile disposition. It was the face of a girl whom one would like to know—one to whose care, if he had the responsibility of bringing up a family, he would feel no hesitation in entrusting the minds and morals of his children. I asked who it was, and was told that it was the graduating class of Smith College, Northampton, Mass. As I had heard of a young ladies' college from which, a year or two ago, a class of two members had been graduated, I thought this was a case of a class of one, and that the original of the portrait was that unfortunately isolated she.

WHAT was my surprise, therefore, to learn that so far was this from being true, that the Smith College Class of '86 really numbered forty-nine members, and that each of the forty and nine had sat in turn for the photograph that riveted my attention.

IT WAS, indeed, a 'composite' photograph that I held in my hand; and I awoke unwillingly to the fact that there was no such young lady as the one whose face I so admired—or rather, that there were forty-nine of her! It was a peculiar, a rather uncanny, sensation that I experienced in gazing at these nine-and-forty sweet girl-graduates baked into a photographic pie, as it were, and served at a Barmecide feast where one might see and scent the savory dish, yet must forever fail to taste it. It struck me that a writer like Mr. Stockton might make much of the idea of a sentimental young man's quest in Northampton of the original of this portrait, and his being beset by faces singularly like, yet in no instance identical with, the one that had charmed him. I make the suggestion now, without charge, to any one who cares to act on it and is competent to do so. If it will be of any use to him, he may see a reproduction of the photograph in the *March Century*, which will contain 'composites' of the classes of '83 and '84 as well, and one of the three combined.

NEW YORK is commonly regarded as a practical city—one that respects political 'workers' and cares little for poets, philosophers, painters and philanthropists—a city not to be compared for a moment with Paris, where a new street is usually named in honor of some new writer, and an old one often rechristened in compliment to some literary favorite of longer standing. Yet an action recently begun by the Attorney General in the Supreme Court in this city reveals the fact that as long ago as 1871 there was an Emerson Street in New York, with a Hawthorne Street beside it. I should never have heard of these streets, I suppose, if a member of the Tweed ring hadn't owned some lots in them, at the same time that he owed the County \$644,421.90. But there they are, and there they are likely to remain—a good ten miles from the City Hall. Other literary names perpetuated in the street nomenclature of New York are Audubon, Linnaeus, Halleck, Irving, Cooper, Poe, Bryant, Longfellow and Whittier. Of these only the last-named is living. Holmes and Lowell have yet to be honored in this way.

The Fine Arts

The Stewart Collection.

A STRONG interest attaches to the A. T. Stewart collection of paintings and sculpture apart from the artistic merit of the works it contains. It is probably the most celebrated collection, in a general way, in the United States. It has been for many years a fascinating mystery to the American art-public, and its exhibition is practically the event of a generation; for a new generation in American art-appreciation has grown up since Church painted the celebrated 'Niagara,' with the rainbow spanning the falls, which was considered one of the masterpieces of American art some twenty years ago, and was supposed to add lustre to Mr. Stewart's gallery.

Rosa Bonheur's famous 'Horse-Fair,' with its splendid horses and rather weak grooms, its fine lines of composition and cold truthfulness of color, occupies the greater part of one wall in the lower gallery. Opposite hangs Auguste Bonheur's large picture of cows in the forest of Fontainebleau. It is a virile work, exact and vigorous in drawing, rich and strong in color, and luminous in its atmospheric brilliancy. In the same room is one of three large Bouguereaus, 'Return from the Harvest.' The others are 'The New-Born Lamb' and 'Homer and His Guide.' In the large gallery upstairs the place of honor is given to the celebrated Meissonier, '1807.' The *ensemble* is disappointing. The hard,

metallic atmosphere, the absence of tonality, and the unrelieved, unaccented confusion of the composition, are scarcely atoned for by the admirable fidelity of execution and the distinct rendering of the individual figures. The trodden grain in the foreground has the effect of theatrical grass. The picture represents Napoleon's army saluting the Emperor. The other Meissoniers are 'Alms-Giving' and 'At the Barracks'—both small works—and the painter's own portrait.

Fortuny's 'Serpent Charmer,' with its subtle half-tones, its play of color and light and shade, is full of mysterious fascination. His 'Beach at Portici' is a fine example of another side of the painter's talent. It is all one glow of Italian color and sunlight. Gérôme's 'Chariot Race,' with its fine effect of distance, and his 'Gladiators,' a gladiator awaiting the signal of thumbs which decides the fate of his adversary, are both celebrated canvases. In Alfred Stevens's 'After the Ball,' two women exchanging confidences, the mingling of daylight with lamplight gives an exceptional charm to the composition. It is handled with much skill. Piloty's elaborate composition, 'Thursnelda at the Triumph of Germanicus,' Dubufe's 'Prodigal Son,' Munkacsy's 'Visit to the Baby,' Benjamin Constant's 'Evening—Morocco,' Gilbert Stuart's 'Portrait of Washington,' and Daniel Huntington's 'Lady Washington's Reception' are other important pictures. Many miscellaneous art-objects, ceramics, sculpture, bronzes, silver, etc., belonging to the Stewart estate are on exhibition at the galleries, but the large statues and some of the paintings have not been moved from the Stewart house. They are exhibited there, to persons intending to buy, by card. Among the statues are Crawford's 'Demosthenes' and 'Flora,' Harriet Hosmer's 'Zenobia' and Powers's 'Greek Slave,' 'Eve Tempted' and 'Paradise Lost.' The exhibition will remain open until the sale, on March 23, 24 and 25 at Chickering Hall, and on March 28 and following days at the American Art Galleries.

Millet as an Etcher.

JEAN FRANCOIS MILLET is one of the most difficult of modern painters to thoroughly comprehend. It seems necessary to approach him as a painter through his work as an etcher and an engraver, and through the drawings which appear to bring him so near to the student of his creations. Perhaps this is why the exhibition now open at Frederick Keppel's is so satisfactory. It contains every etching, heliograph, lithograph and wood-cut executed by Millet, and every state of each plate, besides drawings by him, reproductive etchings of his pictures, and wood-cuts engraved from his designs by his two brothers and Adrien Lavieille. Millet's first etching, printed by himself, was a small simple representation of a vessel under sail. The two impressions in this exhibition are the only ones known to exist. His method of etching was to fold a sheet of paper over the plate and press it down with a spoon. The marks of the folding are visible on some of the etchings. He used, at first, paint from his palette, instead of ink. The first impression of the 'Peasant with a Wheelbarrow,' printed with paint—probably burnt sienna—by Millet himself, is far finer in tone than the first state of the plate printed in ink by the printer. Several of the plates are defaced with roulette marks apparently experimental. The large simplicity of the artist's manner is conspicuous in these nobly suggestive plates, which express fundamental truths in few lines. The engravings by Millet and his brothers have the quality of line, tone and effect peculiar to the early woodcuts. A pathetic interest attaches to the lithograph group of a mother and two children, forming the title-page for a song. Sensier tells us, in his Life of Millet, that the painter was to have thirty francs for his work, but when he took it to the publisher, the door was shut in his face. Mr. Keppel will publish, on March 1, an English edition, limited to 250 copies, of Alfred Lebrun's descriptive catalogue of the etchings and other prints by Millet.

Art Notes.

JOHN LAFARGE has just finished a stained glass window in memory of Helen Angier Ames, intended for the church at North Easton, Mass. It is about ten by fifteen feet in size, and is composed very largely of the glass mosaic which Mr. Lafarge has used with so much effect in his earlier works of this kind. The central figure is an angel of mercy, standing between seated figures typifying Sorrow and Need. In the sky, on each side of a sarcophagus, kneel heavenly choristers. The composition is thoroughly artistic; the drawing vigorous, free and graceful; the color exceedingly brilliant and harmonious. Mr. Lafarge has done nothing better than this window, and it is a thousand pities that it cannot be publicly exhibited in New York. There should be some gallery or studio where such important works as this and Mr. St. Gaudens's

'Pilgrim' might be publicly shown before being sent to their final destination.

—Mr. St. Gaudens's heroic figure, 'The Pilgrim,' commemorating Deacon Chapin, one of the founders of the city of Springfield, is completed and ready for shipment—if it has not already been shipped—to the foundry at Springfield. Why cannot a replica of the statue be secured for this city?

—In an article on George H. Boughton, in the January *Art Review*, Mrs. Cabell records that on the occasion of her visit to the painter's studio, when he was at work on his 'Councillors of Peter Stuyvesant,' the costume which the great Knickerbocker wore at the time, and the identical stick which he carried, were lying on a chair by the picture, and the artist was painting them with that eye for detail which is one of the most striking characteristics of his work.

—More than \$8,000 is said to have been raised for the hospitals by the sale of admission tickets to the room in John Street in which Makoffsky's fine painting of 'The Russian Wedding-Feast' has hung for several months. On and after March 10 it will be shown at Schumann's new store, at Broadway and 17th Street. Hereafter tickets will be sold by the various hospitals.

—Rembrandt's 'Gilder' is now in Mr. Schaus's private collection at his house in this city, where lovers of art are permitted to see it on certain days designated by the owner. Admission is to be had only by cards of invitation. There are some noble examples in the same room of Fromentin, Corot, Millet, Rousseau, Diaz and Delacroix. In view of the Secretary of the Treasury's ruling that works of art executed before the year 1700 shall be admitted duty free, as antiquities, Mr. Schaus has made an attempt to recover the \$12,160.45 which the Government made him pay in December, 1884, for the privilege of importing this priceless masterpiece. It is to be hoped that he will be successful.

—At the gallery of the Boston Art Club, the Paint and Clay Clubs' sixth annual exhibition is now open.

—John Donohue, a young Western sculptor who studied in Paris under Joffroy and Falguière, sends from Rome to Launt Thompson's studio at Greenpoint, L. I., a statue, in the plaster, representing the young Sophokles leading a band of Athenians to the festival in honor of the victory of Salamis. The youth is nude, save for a pair of sandals, and holds aloft a lyre whose strings he is about to touch. His lips are open, as he sings. The expression on the face is one of rapture; and the figure, beautiful in itself, is full of graceful movement.

—The statue of Columbus to be erected by the citizens of St. Louis in 1892 will be ten feet high, and will represent the discoverer standing at the prow of his vessel, sighting land. It will be cast in bronze at the government bronze factory in Munich.

—There will be an exhibition of paintings and studies at the February reception of the Art Students' League this (Saturday) evening.

—Henry Blackburn has been lecturing in Cincinnati on 'The Value of a Line,' and other art subjects. An exhibition of 270 English water-colors is open under his care at the Art Museum in that city. An exhibition of seventy-five works in oil and water-colors by Cincinnati artists is now open at Closson's gallery.

The Magazines.

THE feature of *The Atlantic* for some time to come will of course be Dr. Holmes's 'One Hundred Days in Europe.' We only wish it could be prolonged for a thousand and one days; and even then, when it was over, we should surely echo the cry of Mrs. Moulton's sonnet in the present number: 'Come back, dear Days!' James Breck Perkins writes of Gautier, William Cranston Lawton of Euripides, and Horace Scudder of Longfellow. Whatever Mr. Crawford's novel of 'Paul Patoff' may prove to be, it is certainly not going to be realistic, in the common acceptance of the term. 'The Lady from Maine,' by Lawrence Saxe, which opened so well, flaps out in melodrama. A realistic Amy would not have been quite so charming, and would have cared less what people said about her. Agnes Repplier writes of 'Curiosities of Criticism,' but does not give many new ones. There is a long review of 'Recent Poetry,' and an amusing part of the Contributors' Club suggests a way to economize time in reading and writing.

In *Lippincott's* an interesting article on John A. Logan, by 'one who knew him,' brings the general and the man vividly before us. One of the pleasantest things in the number is 'Confessions of a Reformed Humorist,' by Robert J. Burdette. The tribute to his wife is all the more pathetic for being daintily touched with humor; and his acknowledgment of her skill as a critic in the exclamation 'How well she knew what not to print!' is a suggestive support.

to the theory of A. W. R., who, in the Monthly Gossip, makes Mr. Fawcett aware of some advantages in criticism which make it worth while to listen, as she puts it, 'even to his.' The novel this month is 'Kenyon's Wife,' by Lucy C. Lillie, and it is a very sentimental and morbid treatment of an extremely hackneyed subject: a simpleminded girl from the wilds transported suddenly to the city, and becoming the most marvellous creature that ever lived, in character, beauty, refinement, taste, accomplishments and dress, in the incredibly short space of time possible only in fiction. Henry C. Lea writes suggestively of Insurance, with the startling plea that it is akin to the lottery in evil tendency; and Frederick Perry Powers draws a moral about 'Rent and Taxes' from statistics about land in Nebraska.

Mr. Abbey has perhaps never done anything more popular in style than 'The Day of Rest,' which is the frontispiece of *Harper's*. It is restful even to look at the relaxed figure of the young girl; while it was a rare touch of both art and nature to draw the boy sleeping serenely though huddled so uncomfortably. We commend the prosy face of the good old sermonizer towering over his sleepy congregation in his Eighteenth Century pulpit as an effective opiate, if you cannot sleep o' nights. Richard Wheatley describes 'The New York Police Department,' with many portraits and pictures. Theodore Child, in his account of 'Duelling in Paris,' states that in the modern Parisian mansion a *salle d'armes* is considered almost as indispensable as a bath-room. He tells of Gambetta's bloodless duel, with Clemenceau as his second; and of Sainte-Beuve's firing four shots from beneath an umbrella. 'I am quite ready to be killed,' he said, 'but I do not wish to catch cold.' An interior view of a ladies' fencing-room is given. Mr. Warner continues his pleasant papers on the New South; while Charles Gayarré writes of 'A Louisiana Sugar-Plantation of the Old Régime.' 'Russia of To-day' is described by Albert F. Heard, whose paper is supplemented by Kathleen O'Meara's thrilling Russian Story of 'Narka.' Richard Malcolm Johnston contributes one of his comical dialect stories; Mr. Howells is at his best both in his criticism and his 'April Hopes;' while 'Springhaven' actually becomes exciting with its Napoleonic plots; and an allusion to Mary the Mother of Washington which serves as welcome excuse for giving a pleasing though somewhat discredited portrait of her.

To Those About to Write a Novel.

[The Saturday Review.]

TO SAY 'Don't' would be useless and superfluous; for, when a man—and more especially a woman—has once determined to 'write a novel,' we know that neither gods, men, nor booksellers can restrain him—and more especially her. However, though it must needs be that novels come, it is as well that they should be as offenceless as possible; and something may be effected in this direction by an appeal on behalf of the ordinary or average novel-reader. He surely has a right to be consulted in the matter; for, if there were no novel-readers, there would be no novels.

Now the average reader of novels is not a critical person; he does not care for art for art's sake, and he has no very rigid canons as to the duties and responsibilities of an author; all he asks is that he may be amused and interested without taxing his own brains; and his wishes, being so moderate, are certainly entitled to respect. The interest of the majority of novels centres chiefly round the fortunes of the hero and heroine; and it is necessary before all things that the reader should have a fixed idea in his mind's eye of both these important personages, and also that this idea should be a pleasing one. Who can follow with attention the adventures of a heroine whose personal appearance he objects to? or who can enter with rapture into the aspirations and ambitions of a young man whom he would studiously avoid if he came across him at his club? How important, then, must it be that the reader should from the very first form a pleasant conception of both hero and heroine; for the impression which his mind receives on his first introduction to each character will probably remain indelible until he closes the book.

The first warning, then, which we would give to the novel-writer *in futuro* is against describing the appearance of any character too much in detail; to describe every feature is to describe too curiously, and it is advisable to leave something always to the imagination of the reader. We have seen descriptions which covered a couple of pages of a book (octavo), and really a considerable amount of ingenuity was required to put together an intelligible whole from the various component parts which were presented to us, the result, when at length it was accomplished, being eminently unsatisfactory. Having obtained a correct notion of the nose, we forgot what the eyes were like, and so also with the other

features, the end being confusion—'nothing impaired, but all disordered.'

Another and much more serious mistake is to lay too much emphasis on any given peculiarity of feature. Unless for purposes of caricature, this is fatal. We have seen ten lines devoted to the description of a young lady's nose, and well do we remember the dreadful effect produced. Whenever the young lady made her appearance upon the boards, her nose seem to precede her like a herald; when she made her exits, her nose was the last that was seen of her; by no effort of imagination could we escape from that nose; it grew and grew till the (in other respects) fascinating damsel was nose *et præterea nihil*. Under these circumstances we could read about her no longer, and left her to follow her nose. In another work by a well-known novelist the heroine has 'colourless eyes!' With the exception of this defect she was undoubtedly charming, and we hoped in time to be able to forget the one monstrosity. The hope was vain. We tried her with all sorts of eyes—from the grey orb of Aphrodite to the green iris of Becky Sharp—but the same eyes always returned, hueless, expressionless, immutable. Even when their unhappy possessor was walking in the garden in a night 'unlighted by moon or star,' we could still see those eyes, like the luminous eyes of a cat. More and more oppressive they became, till at last they grew like the monstrous eyes of the dogs in Hans Andersen's story of 'The Tinderbox.' Whether she married the young man of her choice, or eloped with some avatar of Hoffmann's Coppelius in 'Der Sandmann,' we cannot say, for we found her companionship unendurable; our peace of mind—*quod carius est oculis*—could only be restored by severing the connexion. Rather than be tortured like this, we should prefer all novelists to follow the lead which Smollett has set them on more than one occasion, in refusing to describe his heroine at all, leaving it to the reader to imagine her in any style of beauty that he himself might most admire.

Again, on behalf of the great race of commonplace novel-readers, let us entreat our authors not to give us ugly heroines. Jane Eyre was all very well for a change; but, *pace* Miss Broughton and her imitators, more than a little of this sort of thing is by much too much. 'Beauty from the light retired' may be of 'small worth;' but insignificance paraded continually in the sun is still more valueless, and would be more attractive if relieved even by 'colourless eyes' or 'huge eyes,' with which one young lady is decorated by a living lady novelist; these peculiarities would, at any rate, be worth something to a showman. It is still more cruel when authors give us beautiful heroines who are condemned to lose their beauty before the end of the third volume, though they have an example in a high position to follow in the person of that excellent writer Miss Yonge, who is often most unmercifully hard on the unfortunate offspring of her imagination. If a man is strong and active, he must have rheumatic fever and become an invalid; if a lady boasts of a lovely complexion, she must fall into the fire and spoil it. All of these accidents, no doubt, serve to point a moral and bring home to us the facts that we ought not to take too much pleasure in 'any man's legs,' and that beauty is but skin-deep; but still we cannot help thinking that the feelings of the readers are entitled to consideration, and the majority of them would certainly prefer, when the last page of their novel was turned, to shake hands with an uncremated heroine.

As we are on the subject of personal descriptions, perhaps it would not be out of place to express a hope that some budding novelist or poet may produce a new supply of similes and metaphors for use on such occasions. 'Coral lips,' 'pearly teeth,' etc., are becoming a little too familiar to all of us. 'Coral lips' is an expression to which nobody can object; but 'pearly teeth,' if rightly considered, must give us pause. Is it a compliment to a tooth to compare it with a pearl? Surely not; for even the whitest of pearls would look dim beside a really brilliant set of teeth, such as may occasionally still be seen, even in these days of cheap sugar and tobacco. 'Ivory' is almost as great a favorite as 'pearl,' and seems more appropriate, though somewhat suggestive of *Bell's Life* and the P. R.

There are plenty of comparisons for eyes ready to hand, and in this instance our old friends are not likely to be improved upon. We would only suggest that 'hazel' describes the eyes of a goat rather than of a human being, and also protest against the absurd habit indulged in by many novelistic heroes of admiring their own faces 'mirrored in the liquid depths' of their lovers' eyes. Before any author repeats this performance, let him try the effect of such an experiment himself. We believe that he will be effectually scared by the 'translation' of his physiognomy which he will observe—with the Gargantuan capacity of his mouth, and the 'villainous low' forehead. But what shall we say when we come to our old friend the nose? Here, at any rate, is a field open for the efforts of the rising poet. Wanted! a metaphor for the nasal organ.

'Aquiline' is a word which has been so much used that it is hardly regarded as metaphorical at all, and to say that a nose is 'tip-tilted like the petal of a flower' is only to draw attention to its tip-tiltedness, which, after all, is, as the logicians say, merely an 'accident.' In the 'Song of Solomon,' the fair one's nose is described as 'like the tower of Lebanon which looketh toward Damascus.' This is a simile to be respected, but scarcely to be imitated, and possibly the wise man did not show his usual wisdom in its production. Anyhow, the modern belle would not accept such a comparison as a compliment. One other simile, almost equally venturesome, we came across in a novel only the other day; in this instance the nose was 'like the bow of Artemus, or more properly speaking, of Eros.' Upon this effort we will refrain from commenting. As Helenus wisely observes:

οὐκ ἂν ἔγωγε θεοῖσιν ἐπουρανίοισι μαχοίμην.

Current Criticism

'TO A YOUNG BOOK-HUNTER'—I would try, were I you, to collect first editions of Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, Poe, and Hawthorne. As to Poe, you probably will never have a chance. Outside of the British Museum, where they have the 'Tamerlane' of 1827, I have only seen one early example of Poe's poems. It is 'Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems, by Edgar A. Poe, Baltimore: Hatch & Dunning, 1829. 8vo, pp. 71.' The book came to Mr. Locker (Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson) through Mr. R. H. Stoddard, the American poet. So says Mr. Locker-Lampson's Catalogue. He also has the New York editions of 1831. These books are extraordinarily rare; you are more likely to find them in some collection of two-penny rubbish, than to buy them in the regular market. Bryant's 'Poems' (Cambridge, 1821) must also be very rare, and Emerson's of 1847, and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's of 1836, and Longfellow's 'Voices of the Night,' 1839, and Mr. Lowell's 'A Year's Life,' none of these can be common, and all are desirable, as are Mr. Whittier's 'Legends of New England' (1831), and 'Poems' (1838). Perhaps you may never be lucky enough to come across them cheap; no doubt they are greatly sought for by amateurs. Indeed, all American books of a certain age or of a special interest are exorbitantly dear. Men like Mr. James Lenox used to keep the market up. One cannot get the Jesuit 'Relations'—shabby little missionary reports from Canada, in dirty vellum.—*Andrew Lang, in The Independent.*

WOMAN'S OPPORTUNITIES AS A WORKER.—Mayor Hewitt, just before his inauguration, said to a reporter that 'there are comparatively few avenues open to women for employment, and all but one of them are overcrowded.' But it was immediately answered that there are about one hundred selected occupations mentioned in the census, and that in four-fifths of these women are employed. They are excluded from those that demand especial muscular vigor, they are not blacksmiths, masons, or car-drivers; but in twenty of the mechanical and manufacturing industries of New York, more women than men are employed. Moreover, the modern inventions, the telegraph, the telephone, the type-writer, open occupations for which women are especially fitted, and in which they are very generally employed. They do not, however, generally receive the same wages for the same work. This irregularity is explained by the political economists by saying that women are not in general so strong as men, and that by their own constitutions, and by the constitution of society, equal continuity and permanence of labor cannot be expected from them. There is no reason to doubt, however, that the course of events which has so greatly enlarged their industrial opportunity will gradually and even speedily introduce them into all employments for which they are not unfitted.—*George William Curtis, in Harper's Monthly.*

TWELVE CENTS A WORD.—Mr. Gladstone was paid 250*l.* for his article on 'Locksley Hall and the Jubilee' in the current *Nineteenth Century*. This suggests two sorts of interesting reflections. First, say the article was about twenty pages, and there are about 500 words on a page; in 250*l.* there are exactly 60,000 pence, which shows Mr. Knowles's rate of pay to his most eminent contributors to be about 6*d.* a word. Speech, or rather writing, is certainly golden in this case, whatever silence may be elsewhere. We wonder at what rate the other three distinguished contributors were paid. We should appraise their contributions ourselves at something like this, keeping to the proportion of Mr. Gladstone's 6*d.* a word:—Mr. John Morley 2*d.* a word, Mr. Matthew Arnold 3*d.*, Mr. Swinburne ten words a penny. Apropos of this staggering cheque, it is interesting to collect a few figures of prices given and accepted for literature which—well, is less ephemeral than Mr. Gladstone's golden eloquence. Goldsmith received 60*l.* for the

'Vicar of Wakefield,' Johnson 100*l.* for 'Rasselas,' and 300*l.* for the 'Lives of the Poets.' The Lambs were paid 60 guineas for the 'Tales from Shakspeare,' Fielding received 600*l.* for 'Tom Jones.' But we have no space to quote innumerable instances of such Grub-street prices paid for work which still delights the world. Take Thackeray, for instance, who said that he had never made more than 5,000*l.* for any of his books. Fancy the price of twenty *Nineteenth Century* articles for 'Vanity Fair!' On the other hand, Scott made in less than two years 26,000*l.*; Lord Lytton is said to have made 80,000*l.* by his novels; Dickens is supposed to have cleared over 10,000*l.* a year during the publication of 'Nicholas Nickleby,' and 7,000*l.* was to have been paid for 'Edwin Drood.' 'Dizzy' is said to have made 30,000*l.* by his novels, while 'George Eliot's' profits on 'Romola' were estimated at 10,000*l.*, and Mr. Wilkie Collins received 10,000*l.* for two novels alone. Byron's gains were about 23,000*l.*; Moore was paid 3,000*l.* for 'Lalla Rookh.' Macaulay received 23,000*l.* on account for three-fourths of his 'History.' These figures would have been doubled (shall we say?), but, alas! there was no Barnum of literature in those days. What is a pen without a name?—*The Pall Mall Gazette.*

LOWELL'S 'COMMEMORATION ODE.'—Mr. Lowell never wrote merely for the sake of writing. Only when the spirit of song moved him, his thoughts overflowed in poetic language. It required something more than a whim to induce him to write, and he always chose a theme worthy of his best efforts. Such a theme he undoubtedly found for his ode read at Harvard College in commemoration of her Alumni who had fallen in the war. What occasion could be more calculated to call forth the poet's powers? The whole country was rejoicing at the close of the war and the peace that followed; but it was at the same time draped in mourning for its many gallant sons who had perished. Harvard herself had been sadly bereft, and great gaps had been made in her family circle. A beloved President had fallen in the moment of success, when his praises were being sounded around the world. Surely there was a great demand upon the poet as he stood before that company to sing of loss and victory, of sorrow and rejoicing! But he was equal to the occasion. He has given us an ode of great dignity and beauty. Beginning in a smooth but lofty strain, he rises with every breath until he reaches a climax in that grand and touching tribute to Lincoln, ending with the lines:

These are all gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man;
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American!

—*C. F. Brusie, in The Williams Literary Monthly.*

A POETIC VIEW OF DOCTORS' BOOKS.—Books are the best tools of our business, and a great library like ours insensibly educates by tempting men with the noblest of opportunities. Look around that great collection in all tongues. It is a vast presentation of the thoughts, the beliefs, the victories, the defeats of that profession which has been, as compared to any other, the purest, the most single-minded, the most simply devoted to its moral creed, the world has seen through all its changeable ages. It has its peerage, its lords of thought, its sturdy, practical commons. Yet here is no set creed of dogmatic beliefs. We make and unmake our rulers, and time, which is more wise than Bacon, has a large vote in the matter; but while systems of medicine crumble, and doctrines have their little day, and men have been intellectually right or wrong, it is pleasant to remember that the lofty code of moral law our Greek fathers taught has kept through all these productive centuries an invigorating control over the lives these gathered volumes represent. Thus, for him who loves his art, a great medical library is full of lessons in the conduct of life. There, side by side, the feeble and the strongest meet. Here are stately tomes unread for ages. Here is some little volume which has changed the great currents of thought and brought hope and relief to a thousand bedsides. In yonder corner is a modest bookcase which groups the bric-à-brac of the bibliographer; the mad jesters, the cranks, the queer anecdotists, the priceless *incunabula*, the medical poems.—*Dr. S. Weir Mitchell.*

ARCHDEACON FARRAR ON READING.—Archdeacon Farrar attended a conference of the Sunday School Union, and in the course of his speech made the following remarks on books and how to read them: He would not put his ban upon desultory reading, but he thought there was not enough of reading books for life. One of the most cultivated men he had known had the smallest library he had ever seen, for he had about a dozen books, and they

were the works of master minds. He thought that if they read such books as Marcus Aurelius's work, which contained the very flower of pagan morality; the 'Imitatio Christi,' in which were some of the most precious religious thoughts; and, added to these, such authors as Dante, Shakspeare, and Milton, they would have in these five the thoughts of the very greatest minds, and enough to last any man a lifetime when taken in connection with the Book which they had set themselves to teach. He would give them a little advice as to reading. First of all, they should read, not merely skim; and, secondly, read what was really good, and not rubbish, for life was too short to be wasted upon that. And next he would ask them to think. The habit of thinking, owing to the diffusion of popular literature, was becoming more and more rare. He would say also, 'Copy.' A great many people read what was excellent, but lost it almost as soon as they read it. For years—from his boyhood—his habit had been when he came to any passage or thought which seemed to him of striking excellence to make a pencil mark at the end of the page, and then when he had read the whole book through, and if he found on reading a second time the passage he had marked that it contained new and valuable thought, he wrote it down, and he was quite sure that any one who had not some practice of that kind must lose the very best of what they read.—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

Notes

Harper's Magazine shows its faith in 'timeliness' by promising as its leading article in the April number a paper on Chattanooga, by Edmund Kirke, called 'The Southern Gateway of the Alleghanies.' It is fully illustrated, and shows this enterprising city to be all that is claimed for it by the enthusiasts of the New South. The same number will contain an exhaustive paper on 'The Comédie Française,' by Theodore Child. Illustrations made by Parisian artists will add to the value of the article. Mrs. M. G. Van Rensselaer, heretofore known as an accomplished writer on art subjects, makes her appearance as a poet in the April *Harper's*; in which number Mr. W. D. Howells will deal a blow at pernicious fiction.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish to-day: 'A Century of Electricity,' by T. C. Mendenhall; 'Talks about Law,' by Edmund P. Dole; Longfellow's 'Golden Legend,' with notes by S. A. Bent; and, in the Riverside Literature Series, Washington's Rules of Conduct, Diary of Adventure, Letters and Farewell Addresses.

—Marion Crawford's 'With the Immortals,' which will be begun in the next *Macmillan's*, is said to be half romance and half literary criticism.

—The fifth and sixth volumes of Lecky's 'England in the Eighteenth Century' are passing through the press.

—At the annual dinner of the Washington Heights Century Club, on Tuesday evening (Washington's Birthday), Mr. Wm. H. Bishop read a paper on 'American Literature in the Time of Washington.'

—In the Putnam's Story of the Nations Series the next volumes will be 'Ancient Egypt,' by Prof. Rawlinson; 'Alexander's Empire,' by Prof. J. P. Mahaffy; 'Assyria' (continuing the narrative of 'Chaldea'), by Z. A. Ragozin; and 'Persia,' by S. G. W. Benjamin.

—Henry Stevens & Son, of London, send us a priced Catalogue (Feb. 1887) of their valuable collection of cheap books and pamphlets relating to America; and a circular announcing 'The Dawn of British Trade to the East Indies, as Recorded in the Court Minutes of the East India Company, 1599-1603,' printed from the original manuscript, by Henry Stevens of Vermont, with an introduction by Sir George Birdwood.

—To their National Library Cassell & Co. have added Sheridan Knowles's well-known plays 'The Hunchback' and 'The Love Chase,' and Dr. Thomas Love Peacock's too-little-known 'Crotchet Castle.'

—We gather the following items from Henry Norman's cable letter to last Saturday's *Evening Post*:—The *Daily News* will retain the services of Archibald Forbes as war correspondent, in case of a Franco-German outbreak. The Queen will probably signalize her jubilee year by establishing an order of decoration, specially intended for the recognition of literary, artistic and journalistic merit. Lord Iddesleigh's family are arranging his letters, diaries and papers with a view to an early publication by Blackwood of a memoir of the deceased statesman. A volume of poems by George Meredith, called 'Songs and Ballads of Tragic Life,' is in the Macmillans' press. Gen. Wolseley will contribute an article on Gen. Lee to the next number of *Macmillan's Magazine*. The next number of *The Fortnightly Review* will contain an article by the Marquis of Lorne on the Canadian fisheries dispute. Walter

Scott will publish in the spring a selection of tales by the late Philip Bourke Marston, entitled 'For a Song's Sake,' to be prefaced with a memoir by his friend William Sharp.

—Prof. H. H. Boyesen, of Columbia College, will deliver a course of six lectures, at the Lyceum Theatre, at 2:30 P.M., on the following dates and subjects: 'Shelley,' Feb. 28; 'Byron,' March 8; 'Keats,' March 14; 'Browning,' March 21; 'Tennyson,' March 28; 'Swinburne, and the Later Lyrists,' April 4.

—'Study and Exploration in Greece' will be the subject of Prof. W. W. Goodwin's lecture at Association Hall this (Saturday) evening, in aid of the endowment fund for the American School at Athens. The friends of the School should rally in force.

—Mr. S. S. Green, Librarian of the Worcester, Mass., Free Public Library, is lecturing at Columbia College on library work.

—The Harvard Club will open a club-house in this city in May.

—Capt. Samuels, the veteran commander of the Dreadnaught, has written an account of his life and adventures at sea under the title of 'From Forecastle to Cabin.' Harper & Bros. will publish this attractive book next week.

—Mr. J. B. McMaster writes as follows to Messrs Appleton, concerning his 'History of the People of the United States': 'As to when Vol. III. will be finished, I can only say, I hope within the year. This volume ought to be the best of the three, and to make it so I must go slowly. The papers to be examined at Washington are immense in number.'

—Mr. W. H. Rideing has written a 'biographical fragment,' of which Mr. Aldrich is the subject, for the February *St. Nicholas*.

—Mr. Lowell addressed a large audience at the Chicago Music Hall on Tuesday afternoon. It was announced that 'American Politics' would be the subject of his lecture, but for reasons which he stated he abandoned that subject and substituted for it one of a literary character. He asked his hearers 'to listen to a few words on criticism, and then apply them to the play of "Richard III.," and to the absence of certain things in that play which seems to indicate, to my mind, that it is not Shakspeare's work.' This heterodox statement, together with the speaker's change of subject, gave the lecture-going citizens of Chicago one of the greatest surprises they have ever had.

—Dr. E. E. Hale will contribute to the March *Forum* the first of a series of papers, by different hands, on 'Books that Have Helped Me.'

—Mr. Wm. R. Jenkins writes:—'Your Boston correspondent (Feb. 19) is somewhat at fault concerning the story of "Peppino," by Prof. L. D. Ventura, which, he states, is only "recently published by Ticknor & Co." The original story, written in French, was issued in my Contes Choisis, nearly three years ago—and in that series has reached its third edition. The author may have been disappointed in not finding a publisher for an English version of it; but it is not true that the public had no opportunity of reading it until gathered with other stories, as the date of my publication will attest. Incidentally it may be of interest to state that the story is a true one and Peppino a real individual.' The story, as originally published, was favorably noticed in these columns on August 15, 1885.

—Messrs. Lee & Shepard, the Boston publishers, celebrated their 'silver wedding' this month, the firm having been formed Feb. 1, 1862.

—Messrs. Hodgson, the London auctioneers, will sell on the 9th of March a complete set of the ornithological works of the late John Gould, the eminent English naturalist. It comprises forty-one handsomely bound volumes.

—Among the spring announcements of G. P. Putnam's Sons are 'Scotland as it Was and as it Is,' by the Duke of Argyll; 'Memorials of Half a Century,' by Bela Hubbard, comprising the life-long observations of a scientific pioneer in the region of the Great Lakes; 'Two Years in Europe,' by Prof. Rodney Glisan, M.D.; English History as Told by Contemporary Writers, edited by F. York Powell, Christ Church, Oxford, Vol. I. 'Edward IV. and His Wars,' Vol. II. 'Simon of Montford and His Cause,' Vol. III. 'Richard I. and the English Crusades,' Vol. IV. 'Henry II., Statesman and Reformer,' 'Half-hours with the Stars,' by Prof. R. A. Proctor—an American edition, entirely re-written, and with the maps drawn for the latitude and longitude of the Middle States; 'Practical Cheirosophy,' an 'analytical study of the science of the hand,' by Ed. Heron-Allen; 'Sketches in Song,' by Prof. Geo. L. Raymond, of Princeton College, author of 'Poetry as a Representative Art'; 'The Phonographic Instructor,' by John Watson; 'Sphygmography and Cardiography, Physical and Clinical,' by the late Dr. Alonzo T. Keyt, edited by Drs. Asa B. Isham and M. H. Keyt; 'The Federal Constitution,' an essay, by John F. Baker, with an intro-

duction by Prof. John W. Burgess; and 'American Constitutions,' an essay by Henry Hitchcock, LL.D., being No. 37 of the Questions of the Day Series.

—Notwithstanding the driving rainstorm, a goodly number of teachers and others interested in industrial education met at No. 9 University Place on Friday afternoon of last week to hear Supt. Calkins lecture on the educational demands of the day. The next lecture of the course will be delivered by H. H. Belfield, Ph.D., Director of the Chicago Manual Training School, on March 4. Col. Francis W. Parker, of Chicago, is expected to lecture on April 1.

—The current number of *Harper's Weekly*—which is now under the editorship of Mr. John Foord, Mr. Montgomery Schuyler having returned to his desk in the *Times* office—has an interesting paper on George Washington by W. W. Story, accompanied by an engraving from the Houdon mask, the only death-mask made from Washington's features. The next issue of the *Weekly* will contain an account of the eleventh convention and anniversary of the Theosophical Society, held at the headquarters, Adyar, Madras, in December. There will be a portrait group of eminent Buddhists, including Col. Olcott, the president and founder of the Theosophical Society. The article is by Miss Anna Ballard, formerly of the *Sun*, who is now in Madras.

—Miss Emma Lazarus contributes to the March *Century* a number of little poems in prose, entitled 'By the Waters of Babylon.'

—Mr. Sidney Woollett's course of afternoon recitals at the Madison Square Theatre will be as follows: Thursday, March 10, selections from Longfellow's 'Hiawatha,' Goldsmith's poetic epistle 'The Haunch of Venison,' Tennyson's dialect poem 'The Northern Farmer' and 'The Life-Boat' of George R. Sims; March 17, Tennyson's 'Enoch Arden,' Whittier's 'School-Days,' Adelaide Proctor's 'Story of the Faithful Soul' and Burns's 'Tam O'Shanter'; March 24, Tennyson's 'Elaine' (by special request), Dr. Thomas Parnell's 'Hermit,' Byron's 'Siege of Corinth' and selections from Longfellow's 'Courtship of Miles Standish.'

—Mr. Gladstone is said to be preparing for *The Nineteenth Century* a review of the Greville Memoirs.

—The young ladies of Miss Porter's School, at Farmington, Conn., had an intellectual treat last week in a lecture by Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, the musical critic, on 'Richard Wagner and the Regeneration of the Lyric Drama,' and a musical treat in the illustration of that lecture by Fraülein Lehmann, who sang selections from Gluck's 'Alceste,' Mozart's 'Don Giovanni,' Beethoven's 'Fidelio' and Wagner's 'Tannhäuser.' Not since Rubinstein visited the school had the young ladies been so excited over an entertainment of a musical character, and the enthusiastic welcome they gave the famous singer more than repaid her for her trip from New York.

—An etched portrait of Dr. Holmes will appear in the April *Atlantic*.

—Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. announce that they will issue immediately, with the approval of Mr. Robert Browning, a volume containing the Poems by Mrs. Browning which have recently been published by Messrs. Routledge & Sons, with some additional poems and sonnets. It will be printed from the edition of Mrs. Browning's Works published in 1856, and will contain important additions and alterations made for that edition, which are copyrighted and cannot be published by any other publisher. The volume will be uniform with the Pocket Edition of Thackeray's Works, and the price, in half-cloth, with cut or uncut edges, will be one shilling.

—The Rev. George Willis Cooke's course of lectures on 'Woman in Literature' is meeting with much favor in New England. Mr. Cooke's book on Emerson is said to be regarded by the philosopher's family as the best yet published.

—Mr. George A. Jarvis, of Brooklyn, who founded the Bishop Paddock Lectureship, has given \$40,000 to the General Theological Seminary of the Episcopal Church toward the erection of a \$75,000 building, to be known as Jarvis Hall, in Ninth Avenue, adjoining the Library and Deanery and completing the eastern side of the Seminary's quadrangle.

—*The New South* is a wide-awake illustrated monthly, published at Birmingham, Ala. Its colored cover bears on the outside a map of that part of the United States in which Birmingham is situated, and on the inside a birdseye view of the town itself. There is no city in the South, we believe, that feels more strongly the effects of the Southern 'boom' than the 'commercial, manufacturing, railway and iron-producing centre' in which this enterprising sheet is published. Birmingham in the northern part of Alabama and Selma in the southern are attracting general attention to that productive State, and drawing into it fresh capital and labor from the North.

—Prof. A. Barrère, of the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, is about to issue through the Chiswick Press, London, 250 large-paper copies of a work called 'Argot and Slang'—a French and English dictionary of the cant words, quaint expressions, slang terms and flash phrases used in the high and low life of old and new Paris. Two hundred copies will be bound in limp vellum and fifty in Roxburghe, the former at 2l. 2s. per copy, the latter at 2l. 12s. 6d. The book promises to be one of much popular interest as well as of value to philologists.

—Half of the last page of Wednesday's *Times* was filled with the words and music of the 'Ave Maria' from the fourth act of Verdi's new opera, 'Otello.'

—M. Chevreul, the centenarian chemist, is said by *The St. James's Gazette* to retain his faculties in perfect vigor. 'He attends scientific meetings, he pursues independent researches, his figure is familiar in Parisian society, until a recent date he lectured once a week, and he shows no symptom of the ordinary infirmities of age. His own explanation of this almost abnormal lease of vitality is that he has never had anything to trouble him, that he has been singularly happy in his domestic relations, that his life has always been temperate and methodical, and that the pursuit of his favorite study has been for him not so much an exertion as a positive source of pleasure.'

The Free Parliament.

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 1239.—Who wrote 'The Gladiator' and 'Ingomar,' and who is the author of the following words:

Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one.

COLUMBIA, TENN.

W. A. S.

[There are two 'Gladiators.' One, called 'Spartacus the Gladiator,' was written for Edwin Forrest by Dr. R. M. Bird, an American; the other, an Italian version of which is played by Salvini, was written by Soumet, a Frenchman. 'Ingomar' was written by Münch Bellinghausen. Miss Lovell's translation of the play contains the lines given above. In the original they read:

Zwei Seelen und ein Gedanke
Zwei Herzen und ein Schlag.]

No. 1240.—Can any reader inform me whether the journal published several years ago in Hartford, Conn., I think, was known by the title, *The Rhound Table*? If so, what was the reason for spelling the word 'Rhound'?

CADIZ, OHIO.

W.

No. 1241.—Will some one give the particulars in regard to Maria del Occidente, who some years ago published some poems on Cuban life? NEW YORK.

[Mrs. Maria Brooks (née Gowen), born 1795 in Massachusetts, died in 1845. She was called by Southey 'Maria del Occidente.' Her best known poem is 'Zophiel.' See Griswold's 'Female Poets of America,' *Harper's Magazine* January and May, 1879, and an edition of 'Zophiel' with an introduction by Mrs. Zadel B. Gustafson, published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.]

Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given, the publication is issued in New York.

Arnold, Matthew. General Grant: An Estimate. 25c. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co.
Dawson, E. C. James Hannington: 1847-1885. \$2.00. Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.
Downey, E. In One Town. 25c. D. Appleton & Co.
Fischer, K. History of Modern Philosophy. \$3.50. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Forum, The. Vol. II. The Forum Publishing Co.
Leacock, W. T. Thoughts for the Devout. E. & J. B. Young & Co.
McCosh, James. Realistic Philosophy. 2 vols. \$3.00. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Models, The Use of. Boston: Prang Educational Co.
Mommson, T. The Provinces of the Roman Empire. 2 vols. \$6.00. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Olyphant, Mrs. Lucy Crofton. 25c. Harper & Bros.
Peacock, Thomas Love. Crotchet Castle. 10c. Cassell & Co.
Reid, Christian. Miss Churchill. \$1.00. D. Appleton & Co.
Robinson, E. Forced Acquaintances. Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Salmath. The Faucets and Garrods. 80c. Harper & Bros.
Stevenson, R. L. The Merry Men. \$1.00. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Thurston, E. A. Echoes of Many Voices. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.
Woodhouse, R. I. What is the Church. 40c. D. Appleton & Co.